

A NOBLE DEWEL,

O R,

An unmatched Combate betwixt Sir *V Villian*
and the Earl of *Southeist*. Being a true relation how this b.
E. of *Southeist* Murthered Sir *William Gray*, Sont to the Right Ho
the Lord *Gray*, which news is sad to the Nacion of *Scotland*, and how the
waites for trial for the same. Tune of, Sir *George V Vharion*.



M^y heart both bled to tell the two
of chance of grief that late befel
At Biglesworth in Bedfordshire
as I to you for trusty will tell,
There was two balliant Noble men,
that very rashly fell at words,
And nothing could appease their words
till they betook them to their Swords.

The one was called Sir William Gray,
The good Lord Gray his Son and Heir,
The other Sir James as they him call,
of Earl of Southeist as I hear,
It seems their quarrel they began,
within the house of Parliament,
And till this Earl had kild Sir Gray,
he could not rest nor be contend,

About Religion they out fell,
the Earl he was a Presbyter,
Sir William did his ways deny,
be being a Loyall Cabeller,
For our late King as I am told,
in Scotland often kept his court,
At the house of Sir William Gray,
be and his Nobles did their resort.

And for his true obedience then,
as I do rightlly understand
He made was the chiefeest Governour,
in the Northern part of fair Scotland
It seems the Earl of southeist calls,
did kill Sir William for this thing,
Because he Governour was made,
and much advanced by the King.

This Earl was governour before,
out of Commission late was throted,
Then by his present Government,
so that he could not call't his own,
And good Sir Gray put in his place,
but truth it brought him into thall,
For though that cruel bloody Earl,
his rill was cause of his fall.

You see the bloody minds of those,
which lately had the Sword in hand,
And if they had it so again,
they quickly would confound the Land
For to find opportunity
this wicked Earl he did intent,
How he might further Noble Gray,
for truly it was his full intent.

A NOBLE DEWEL,

O R,

An unmatched Combate betwixt Sir *V Villian*
and the Earl of *Southeast*. Being a true relation how this b.
E. of *Southeast* Murhered Sir *William Gray*, Sont to the Right Ho
the Lord *Gray*, which news is sad to the Nacion of *Scotland*, and how the
waites for trial for the same. Tune of, Sir *George V Vharion*.



M^y heart both bled to tell the two
of chance of grief that late befel
At Biglesworth in Bedfordshire
as I to you for trusty will tell,
There was two balliant Noble men,
that very rashly fell at words,
And nothing could appease their words
till they betook them to their Swords.

The one was called Sir William Gray,
The good Lord Gray his Son and Heir,
The other Sir James as they him call,
or Earl of Southeast as I hear,
It seems their quarrel they began,
within the house of Parliament,
And till this Earl had kild Sir Gray,
he could not rest nor be contend,

About Religion they out fell,
the Earl he was a Presbyter,
Sir William did his ways deny,
be being a Loyall Cabeller,
For our late King as I am told,
in Scotland often kept his court,
At the house of Sir William Gray,
be and his Nobles did their resort.

And for his true obedience then,
as I do rightlly understand
He made was the chiefeest Governoz,
in the Northern part of fair Scotland
It seems the Earl of Southeast call,
did kill Sir William for this thing,
Because he Governoz was made,
and much advanced by the King.

This Earl was governoz before,
out of Commission late was throted,
Then by his present Government,
so that he could not call't his own,
And good Sir Gray put in his place,
but truth it brought him into thall,
For though that cruel bloody Earl,
his rill was causer of his fall.

You see the bloody minds of those,
which lately had the Sword in hand,
And if they had it so again,
they quickly would confound the Land
For to find opportunity
this wicked Earl he did intent,
How he might further Noble Gray,
for trust it was his full intent.



VVithin the house of Parliament,
The Earl fell out with Noble Gray
But yet before they did depart,
they loving friends the night away,
It was not known the Earl did stir,
the least ill will at that same time
To noble Gray or unto his,
or any of his kinsallins.

They rode together thirty miles,
to Begliworth from London Town,
And in the way was no diftalt,
until they left there at the Crown.

They supped together too that night,
as peacefully as men could do,
But yet a sudden accident,
betime the morning did arise,
The Earl he rose the more betime,
with outchief harbored in his breast,
he come unto the Chamber where,
the William Gray, he lay at rest,

and call'd Sir Gray to go with him,
unto the fields to take the Apr,
and he God wot not shak'n gill,
with him to the fields repair,
like to a Lamb that went to dy,
not thinking death to be so near,
There to beset the same pe se,
to Noble Gray as doth appear.

He left his man abed that morn,
because he came in late at night,
Desiring them to let him lye,
till he returned back with the Knight,
His bidfellow and his man too,
went as a second in the place,
If that the Earl should offer him,
any abuse or else disgrace.

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He did no longer come in field,
but both the seconds and the Earl,
Did plot contrive against Sir Gray,
his courage purposed to queale,
The Earl began the quarrel then,
and Noble Gray did so outdare,
And said he was a better man,
then all the Grays in Scotland were,

And said to him come fight with me,
thou cowardise which art so man,
which forced Walsant Gray to take,
his glittering sword with in his hand,
And so the battle fierce began,
and Noble Gray he plaid his part,
But yet at length unhappily,
the Earl he thrust him to the heart.

This being done they drag'd him to
a stinking ditch which there was by,
And robbed him of his Jewels rich,
and then they presently did fly,
Unto the Crown whereas there coach,
And ready for their safe convey,
But by a man it was found out,
which did them presently betray.

When they was took they did them search
whereas they found them full of Gold,
A golden watch and ring which cost,
the hundred pounds his man thus told,
They had them to the Justice straight,
and he did send them to the Gaol,
Whereas they wait for trapp'n bail,
I think theres no man will them bail,

And thus I will conclude my song,
I will all Traytors to be ware,
And not to murder as they do,
lest they fall in the hang-mans snare.